



# Wings



185 5 16

## Chapter 1 by Sarah Court

Three pm sharp. An odd time to be asked out to lunch certainly, but then when WAS lunchtime really? It was more of a nebulous concept than an actual set time. But then, this train of thought was really just a distraction. His brain's attempt to avoid recognizing the oddness of what sat before him. He sighed and lit a cigarette.

"Now... Correct me if I'm wrong, but you didn't have wings yesterday, correct?" He made a little gesture at the large and frankly difficult to miss protrusions that sat neatly on her back.

"So you can see them then?" She asked with a tinge of excitement in her voice.

"Are you kidding?" He let the cigarette sag in his lips. "They're not exactly incon-fucking-spicious now are they?" He took the still burning smoke from his mouth and pointed with it to emphasize the gesture. "They're freaking huge! Of course I see them!"

"Well you'd be the first." She cut in somewhat smugly. He didn't really have a response for that, and so his cigarette just hung limply in the air between them.

So this is for real then...? You didn't just slap on a pair of costume store feather holders? These are some honest-to-god wings?" He fell silently to the table as if to punctuate his disbelief.

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"Well I certainly didn't put them on!" At it, she looked at him, maybe. Maybe I willed them into existence? I have always wanted to be able to fly..." She got that dreamy look on her face.

she would always get when she was beginning to scheme something up.

"Jesus Christ Jennifer! Then buy a plane ticket like a normal person! Don't go growing wings and thinking about flinging yourself off some building!" Agitation built in him as he feared things going south from here.

"It's not like I'm going to jump off some apartment stack. I'm not drunk. You don't see ducks lining up on rooftops to take off do you? The ground is perfectly fine..." He eyed her unscrupulously as she said this. "I'm not going to jump off a building!" she defended.

"Alright... Say you DO get airborne. What then? You think people are just going to ignore a human zooming around the sky?" It was around this point that the sheer ludicrousness of the conversation struck him. He was genuinely sitting in a small corner restaurant trying to talk his best friend out of trying to use her new wings to go flying.

"Well nobody else seems to notice my wings... Maybe they won't notice me flying." Now, there was surely merit to this logic. But at the same time, there was no real evidence for it to be true. For all either of them knew, the wings operated on some special rules that flying didn't. Heck, they didn't even know what kind of thing they were dealing with! Was this magic? Mutation? Invention?

"Well we won't know unless we try right?" And there it was. That damn grin. The grin that always meant she was gonna drag him into trouble. He sighed, knowing that now he had no choice but to investigate this for as long as it took to find an answer.

## Chapter 2 by Mason Lee



"Congratulations on the success of your avian-human DNA grafting experiment," the mysterious figure in the black hood, The Master, told the scientists.

"Subject J395821 will be the first in a long line of successful human-animal DNA grafts. Soon enough we will have an army of superhumans. And no one will be able to stop us."

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contracted him to study ways to improve our militaries fighting foot soldiers, but" what, would" the doctor be working on for him? I know," not anyone, has seen Lou in years, Mr. Cypher" is very busy, and I heard he never meets with anyone directly, he sends his aides to handle things, why" would he," unless" I've got to go, "do not" tell any one else you saw his files," and you said he was looking into the quantum physics", for genetic coding," are you sure"? Let me go," see," what an old friend of mine has to say about this.

Thank you Bishop", for seeing me on such short notice, I will be sure the Cardinal," is made aware, of your kindness. Do you remember a conversation we had at your church a few months ago, about, spiritual war fare"? "Oh well yes" I do, he replied, it was about Angels, and how some that are earth bound, are given wings, terribly interesting indeed, why do you ask?

#### Chapter 4 by Gaiadarkstar



"Isn't it perfect?" She said with a wide smile as she spread her arms to encompass the huge field we were now standing in.

"Well it is big and off the beaten path." He said noncommittally.

We had driven almost three hours to get to this abandoned football field. There were even some bleachers to the sides and we were surrounded on three sides by forest.

"Ever since I got these wings I have wanted to try them out and you made such a big deal about secrecy so I searched around to try and find some good places and stumbled upon this place. "

"I'm glad you haven't totally forgotten common sense. You're lucky I didn't have anything to do today." He grumbled and lit a new cigarette. "So do you even know what to do next?"

"Oh Luke, you are such a sourpuss but you still came with me so I'm glad. I think I will just start by getting a running start and trying to flap and lift off."

He just nodded at her as she skipped off to one end of the field.

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"Jennifer!" He yelled and ran over to her.

### Chapter 5 by JessPanda5859



"Luke, I'm fine. It was only like 3 feet in the air. But I was somewhere, Luke! I sorta, ish, FLEW!" I yelled.

"Slow down, Jen. You didn't *fly*, you just jumped. Maybe you just need to *glide* or something. I have no freaking idea, I'm not even close to having wings, much less knowing how to use them." He tells me. I step off to the side. Take 2?

I start to run, and halfway there, I stop. I run over to the rusty bleachers beside the field, and I prepare myself. I try to be one with the wings, and work on being able to control them. 3. 2. 1.

I jump, and I try not to look down. Whoops. I see Luke, staring up at me in awe. Now, I have to land. I try to *glide* like Luke said but evidently that doesn't really work. I sort of roll onto the ground, but I don't have any severed limbs or anything. Wait. I landed on a patch of rocks. How did I not get hurt?

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